

14 Days of Valentine's Drabbles by flamehairedwritings

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Characters: Florence "Flo" (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Reader, You

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Summary:

Welcome to my 14 Days of Valentine's Drabbles, inspired by @seareids Valentine's prompts on Tumblr and encouraged by the lovely @atari_writes!

Stories range from T - E, and the ratings will be displayed in the chapter titles.

1. First Date - T

Author's Note:

Tumblr Drabbles Masterlist : <https://flamehairedwritings.tumblr.com/post/170390323780/welcome-to-my-14-days-of-valentines-drabbles>

“... You know you could just go back there and arrest everybody.”

“As tempting as that sounds, I don’t think I could.”

“Are you sure? You are the Chief of Police.”

“I don’t think many people would agree with anyone arresting an entire restaurant just because they didn’t have any free tables, let alone the Chief of Police.”

“Wow, I thought there would be certain perks to the job.” Your lips twitch as you raise the wine bottle to your lips, taking a short sip.

Jim Hopper inclines his head at the view before you, one corner of his mouth lifting. “Bein’ able to come up to places like this is a perk.”

“Yeah, I bet you take all the ladies up here,” you answer, sliding your gaze from his to the lights of Hawkins town below.

“Nah. Just the smart-mouthed ones.”

“*Smart-mouthed*?”

“Yeah, the real pain in the ass ones that pester me to take ‘em out sometime-”

“Uh, if I recall correctly, and I believe I do because I told

everybody, *you* asked *me* out, Hopper.”

“Ah, I just felt sorry for you, always givin’ me those forlorn eyes-”

“*Forlorn*? I did not look *forlorn*.”

“Yeah, you did. I couldn’t take the guilt anymore, so, here we are.”

You shake your head as you run your tongue over your teeth, trying to hide your smile as you lift the bottle again and take another sip. Shifting your position in your seat, you both fall into a comfortable silence as you gaze out of the window, watching the night sky and the small vehicles on the roads below.

A few minutes later, he mumbles something so quietly you don’t catch it.

“What?” You turn your head to gaze at him, finding him still looking ahead, his lips pressed together.

“... Come here.”

You pause, then the corners of your mouth slowly lift. An odd, fluttering sensation spreads across your chest.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t quite-”

“Yeah, you did, just get over here. Jesus Christ...”

Grinning, you slot the bottle into the compartment on the bottom of the car door before shifting closer to him, pulling his jacket tighter around yourself. He lifts his arm as you settle comfortably against his side, your head on his shoulder, with one arm tucked against your chest and the hand of the other placed on his.

“Pain in the ass...” he mutters as he wraps his arm around you, his hand settling gently on your hip.

Your grin softens as his finger tips trace light patterns against you. You both fall into another comfortable silence... In fact, everything is comfortable. The way he feels against you, his arm around you, your talk, his touch. You’d worried at first that it could ruin the friendship

you had and held dear... But it all felt so *right*.

"Let me see those eyes..." he murmurs against the top of your head.

Grazing your teeth over your lower lip at the small thrill that runs through you, you lift your head. He releases a slow breath as your eyes meet. Lifting his hand, he hesitates for a moment before gently cupping your cheek. Your heart starts to beat a little faster as his gaze drops to your lips, and a muscle in his jaw moves slightly as they part involuntarily.

"Can I-"

"You absolutely can, Hopper."

He exhales a laugh, shaking his head slightly, before he lowers his head just as you tilt your chin up. Capturing your lips, he kisses you softly, almost tentatively. It's not until you lean into him a few moments later that he deepens the kiss, his hand sliding down to your neck. His thumb brushes along your jaw as you hum softly against his lips, shifting a little to try and turn your body closer to his.

Your elbow then leans on the steering wheel and the horn suddenly blasts.

Jerking, you both break away from each other as you gasp. Covering your mouth with your hand as the corners lift into a smile, you turn your head to look at him. An eyebrow is arched. Biting at your lower lip, you drop your hand on to his chest.

"... Woops?"

"You're just an absolute pain in the ass."

"Yeah, but you're the idiot that asked this pain in the ass out, Hopper." You grin as you shift closer, your hands settling either side of his neck.

"What the hell was I thinking..."

"I think I should remind you, Hopper."

“... I think you should.”

Your grin lingers as you lean forward and kiss him.

2. Nose Kisses - T

Notes for the Chapter:

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“... What?”

“You got...”

“What?”

“You’ve got...”

“*What?* Where are you pointing, exactly?”

Jim Hopper opens his mouth, closes it, presses his lips together, then leans forward. Before you can react, he kisses your nose. Pausing, blinking a few times, you stare at him, your lips parted.

“... Uhm.”

“You had cream on your nose,” Hopper mumbles, turning back to the TV.

Blinking at him again, a smile then starts to pull at your lips. Not saying a word, cradling your mug of hot chocolate against your chest, you shift just a little bit closer against him. He adjusts his arm around you as you do so, keeping his gaze fixed on the TV screen. Your smile widening, you try and get it under control as you, ever so subtly, lift your hand and gather a small amount of cream on to your finger tip.

Raising your finger, you wipe the cream on to your nose before

dropping your hand, wrapping it around the mug again. Then, you clear your throat.

Hopper doesn't react, his attention now really captured by the film currently playing. Angling your face in his direction, you settle your gaze on the TV and clear your throat again, this time slightly louder.

Glancing at you briefly, Jim returns his gaze to the TV... Then his eyes flick back over to you.

“... Baby.”

“Mmm?”

“Baby, you got...” He pauses as his eyes narrow slightly. Leaning closer, he presses a kiss to your nose, this one more lingering than the last. Eyeing you as he pulls away, you see one corner of his mouth start to lift before he turns his head to the TV.

Grazing your teeth over your lower lip, you pause for only a few moments before your hand lifts again.

Hopper hears you clear your throat and his jaw moves slightly, his hand running down his mouth and beard to hide his smile. He hears you clear your throat again, longer and louder.

Slowly turning his head, he finds you with a larger amount of whipped cream on your nose.

Innocent as anything, you lift your hand and raise your eyebrows slightly in a gesture of, *‘oh, gosh, what happened’*.

Pressing his lips together, hiding his amusement, Hopper turns his body towards you, his arm moving from around your shoulders to the back of the couch. Cupping your cheek, he bows his head and kisses your nose. Closing your eyes, you can't help but smile.

When he pulls away, you reluctantly reopen your eyes, your smile widening as you scrunch your nose up a little. Your gaze then drops to the cream that rests on his lips as his thumb strokes your cheek.

“You got a little...” A smirk begins to pull at your lips as you place

your mug on the coffee table before leaning closer to him, rising up on the couch and wrapping your arms around his neck. "... Got a little cream on you there, Hopper."

"Do I?"

"Yup."

Settling a hand on your waist, a slow smile spreads across his lips as he tilts his chin up to gaze at you.

"Well, what are we gonna do about that?"

3. Movie Night - T

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“Y’know, when you said ‘Come over, I’ve got a surprise for you’, I had a little something else in mind.”

“You had something in mind *other* than watching the greatest film of the last decade?”

“Just a little different.”

“Yeah, I bet you did, Hopper.”

“And this is not one of the greatest films of the last decade.”

Scoffing, you stand from where you had been kneeling by the TV, rewinding the VHS, and turn to him, placing your hands on your hips. “First of all, how *dare* you, and second, you said you love this film.”

“I do not *love* this film,” he mutters as he watches you grab the remote and move around the coffee table to the couch. “I just said *once* that I liked it.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.” Your lips twitch as you sit next to him, stretching your legs out on the couch and leaning back against him. “I’ve only got one day left before I’ve gotta take it back so be quiet.”

Just as you lift the remote to press ‘play’, you then gasp dramatically

as you swing your legs back off the couch. “Oh, no, wait, hang on, the drinks.”

You hear him exhale a breath as you toss the remote on to his lap and dart up and over to the kitchen.

“... What a way to make a livin’, barely gettin’ by, it’s all takin’ and no givin’, they just use your mind and they never give you credit...” you sing softly under your breath, moving your head a little to the tune as you pull two glasses out of a cupboard.

Taking the bottle of wine from the counter, you pour equal amounts into the glasses before screwing the cap back on. As you set the bottle down, you feel hands settle on your hips, then slide across your stomach, arms wrapping around you.

“Hopper.”

“Mmm?” he hums against your ear as he lowers his head, his lips brushing down your neck.

“Chief Hopper.”

“Mmm, yes, ma’am?”

The corners of your mouth twitch as you try, and fail, to stop a smile. “I’ve gotta take it back tomorrow, Hop.”

“Mmh, I’ll rent it for you next week.” He presses lingering kisses to the crook of your neck as his finger tips slip under the hem of your sweater, caressing your skin.

Pressing your lips together in another vain attempt to stop a smile, you turn in his arms to face him, your hands going to his chest. Leaning against him, you rise up on your toes a little to capture his lips in a soft kiss. His hand strokes at your lower back as you allow yourself to sink into him, faintly hearing thunder rumbling in the distance. Eventually making yourself pull away, he starts to chase your lips.

“Hopper...”

“Mmm...”

Not finding your lips, he returns to your neck. Tipping your head to the side with a mock sigh of exasperation, your hands move to his shoulders.

“Jim...”

“Mmmm...”

You exhale a laugh as you make a poor effort to pull away, his arms just tightening around you as he growls and presses his face into the crook of your neck. Laughing again, his beard tickling your skin, you push at his chest as he presses quick, lazy kisses to you.

“*Jim*, stop, that *tickles..!*”

Then, the power goes out and the room is plunged into darkness.

Both of you pause. Your lips part as your head turns to him, your eyes wide.

“... Nooo,” you breathe, your voice rising slightly higher as you draw the word out. “Dolly, my love...”

“Well, damn,” he murmurs, a roguish smirk spreading across his features. “Well, what are we gonna do now, huh, sweetheart?”

4. Secret Admirer - T

Notes for the Chapter:

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Your nails drum against the desk in a steady rhythm, your eyes flicking from the computer screen to the door. Exhaling a breath as your gaze drops to your wristwatch, you sit back in your chair, your hands dropping into your lap.

Then, you blow out a breath and lean forward, straightening your back as you resume your typing. You focus on the screen for a whole ten seconds before you're glancing at the door again.

You look at your wristwatch again.

Twenty-nine minutes past nine.

You exhale a breath again.

Catching your lower lip between your teeth, you glance at your colleagues around you, grateful to see they're all engrossed in their own work. Pushing your chair back, you pick up a file beside you and hold it against your chest as you make your way over to the front desk.

"Hi, Flo," you smile warmly as she lifts her head, returning your smile.

"Hey, honey, what do you need?"

"I'm finished with this one, can I have the Jameson one, please?" Sliding the file over to her, you tap your finger tips against the desk as she takes it and places it on a stack of files.

"Sure thing, sweetie."

You watch her search through another pile, biting at your lower lip. Clearing your throat, you release your lip and ask as nonchalantly as possible, "Has Hopper called in? He's gonna be late...-er than usual."

Flo's eyes flick up to you, narrowing slightly as she places a file in front of you. "No, he hasn't. But his highness is probably going to turn up..." She trails off as you both hear a vehicle pull up outside. Leaning over, Flo looks out between the blinds, her eyebrows lifting. "Well, speak of the devil and he shall appear."

Your eyes widen as your head turns to the door. "Oh, well, there you go. All right, thank you, Flo." Taking the file, you spin on your heel and dart back over to your desk. Practically falling into your chair, you open the file and bow your head, rapidly flicking through it until you reach a random page.

You quickly grab a pen just as you hear the main door open.

"I don't wanna hear it, Flo, I know..."

Your stomach flutters and a flush spreads across your cheeks, as they always bloody do, at the sound of his voice. Keeping your head down, you watch him move towards his office in your peripheral vision, Flo following close behind him.

"... got you a damn alarm clock for Christmas, Hop-"

"That was from you? It's called Secret Santa for a reason, Flo."

"Secret be damned, it's from me and I want you to start using it."

"All right, Flo, I'll see if I can find it."

"You don't know where it is?"

"Y'know, Flo, I just got a ton of work to do..."

Pushing through the swing door, Hopper enters his office and quickly shuts the door. You smile as Flo presses her lips together and shakes her head as she walks away, muttering under her breath. Watching her for a few moments, you then redirect your gaze to Chief Jim Hopper. The blinds in his office are still open so you can watch him as he removes his coat and hangs it up then his hat before he turns to his desk.

Nerves blossom in your stomach and your smile falters slightly as he pauses, staring at the white, cardboard box on his desk. You play with the pen in your hands as you swallow, biting at your lip.

Moving around his desk, Jim Hopper stands in front of his chair and pulls the strings apart that are tied around the box. Lifting the lid, he releases a sound of disbelief.

Inside the box are six perfectly round doughnuts, the tops of them covered in sugar. Lifting his gaze, he reads the neat handwriting on the inside of the lid.

‘To accompany your coffee and contemplation, xxx’

He smiles in bemusement as he reaches inside and takes a doughnut. Raising it to his mouth, he takes a large bite and *moans* at the sweet taste.

Apple cinnamon, God damn...

You smile widely as you watch him, your cheeks flushing again, this time with pride. Gazing at him for a few more moments, you then turn in your chair, the smile lingering on your lips.

5. Babysitting Together - T

Notes for the Chapter:

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“... No, stop... Dustin, put that... Can you... Everyone just gets *one*, okay... No, okay, all right, well, *share*, please... Yes, Will, honey, of course you can... Everyone happy, yep, good, okay, all right- What? All right, hang on...”

Shoving the bedroom door open, you enter and quickly shut it behind you, releasing a long breath. Turning, you pause as you see Jim Hopper on the bed, leaning back against the headboard with his legs stretched out before him, candy wrappers strewn across the bed-sheets.

“*Hopper...*” you whisper loudly, even though the kids are making a hell of a racket out in the living room area, talking over each other and the film. “What the hell are you doing in here? You said you were getting firewood!” You glance at the clock on the table beside him, your hands on your hips. “... *Half an hour ago.*”

Swallowing the candy in his mouth, Hopper flicks the wrapper in his hands onto the small pile. “Hiding.”

“Without me?”

“Someone’s got to handle them.”

“And you think *I* can?”

“Did you put *Star Wars* on?”

“Yes.”

“Then you’ve handled them. C’mere.”

He sweeps his hand across the bed, pulling the wrappers closer to him, and pats the space beside him. Pressing your lips together, trying to stop a smile, you hesitate for a few moments, then drop your arms to your sides and stride over. Rolling on to the bed and lying beside him, you blow out a breath and take the small chocolate bar he holds out to you. Unwrapping it, you pop it into your mouth and stare at the ceiling as you chew.

“What did you come in for?” he asks, placing the bag of candy between you two.

“A blanket,” you answer after swallowing, reaching your hand into the bag and pulling out the first bar you feel. “They’ve got about six out there, though, so I don’t know what they want it for. Where did you get these?”

“Dustin brought five bags over. Didn’t think he’d notice one goin’ missing.”

You snort. “Oh, he’ll notice. I’m glad you did, though, it’s important to have food when you’re hiding out.”

“This it for the night, huh?”

“Mhm, I am *not* going back out there.” Pushing yourself up, you sit up straight, crossing your legs and resting your elbows on your knees. “I don’t think I’m cut out for babysitting.”

“Didn’t you ever do it when you were a teenager?”

“Nope. I don’t think the neighbours trusted me.”

The corners of his mouth lift into a smile. “Well, this is pretty much what you do, sit and eat food that isn’t yours.”

You laugh as you reach for the bag again, pulling bars out for both of

you. "Oh, is that so? Clearly I've been missing out."

You both fall silent as you chew, listening to the kids still chatting away outside, occasionally quoting lines of dialogue along with the film.

"Y'know, there's something else teenagers do when they babysit."

Your lips twitch at Hopper's low, nonchalant tone. Turning your head to look at him, you arch an eyebrow.

"Is there, now?"

"Yup." He eyes you with a faint smirk, his hand running down his beard.

"They make out in another room while the kids fend for themselves?" you murmur, your smile widening as you rise up on to your knees.

His hands go to your hips as you move closer, your legs settling either side of him, and his gaze travels down your features to your lips. "Mhmm."

Grazing your teeth over your lip as you lower your head, your hands on his chest, you brush your lips against his before capturing them. He returns your slow and gentle kiss, though it soon deepens as his arms slide around your waist, holding you close against him as he leans towards you. Wrapping your arms around his neck as you press against each other, your tongue dips into his mouth with a soft moan, which in turn just makes his grip tighten on you. Stroking his tongue against yours, his finger tips slip under the hem of your shirt and begin to caress your skin, making your back arch a little. He hums against your lips as you do so, his hips lifting slightly.

Then, you hear the dull sound of something smashing on the floor, and the room outside goes deathly silent.

Pausing, your lips slowly separate. Your eyes remain closed.

"... Hopper."

"... Yeah."

“... It’s your turn to handle them.”

6. Partner's Birthday - M

Notes for the Chapter:

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Jim Hopper is woken by whispering, something warm on his neck and an elbow digging into his side.

“... 6... 7... 8... 9...”

“Mmf, what are you doin’, baby...” he rumbles, his voice rough with sleep and his eyes remaining closed.

“Giving you a kiss for every year this planet has been blessed to have you,” you whisper.

“Mmh, well, you should stop, you’re gonna be there a while.” Finally opening his eyes and turning his head, he finds you beaming down at him, an eyebrow arched.

“Are you complaining about receiving kisses, Chief?”

His gaze then travels over you, taking in your bare legs that currently reside either side of him, the patterned sweater that used to be his but is now predominantly worn by you just about covering you, though the position you’re in currently offers him a peek at your black panties, your smile, and the joy that shines in your eyes.

“... No.” His hands slide around your waist and he pulls your body down against his, your arms settling above his head. “No, I am not, sweetheart.”

His hands roam your back as you catch your lower lip between your teeth, wanting very much to not get distracted due to all you've planned.

"I made breakfast," you murmur, your breath hitching slightly as his hands move over your ass before returning to your waist, lifting the sweater along the way so the hem settles at your lower back.

"Did you?" He lifts his head and begins to press slow, open-mouthed kisses to your neck, murmuring against your skin, "Don't you have to finish giving me those kisses?"

Your eyelids flutter before you allow them to close at the feel of his lips, your head tipping ever so slightly to the side to give him better access. "Mmh... Mm hmm... I should, but you're right it would take a while."

You exhale a laugh that gives way to a soft gasp as his hand slides down to your ass and squeezes a cheek.

"You're supposed to be nice to me, sweetheart," he gravels into your ear, his hand moving back up and slipping under the sweater, stroking up your spine. "It's my birthday."

"I am being nice..." you breathe as his hand settles on your rib-cage, just under your breast. "I made you... Made you cookies and pancakes."

"That sounds delicious..."

"Mmh, yeah... They're probably going col-"

You break off with a sharp inhale as his thumb suddenly glides over your hardened nipple.

"What was that, baby?"

"Mmmnh... They'll be-"

You break off again as he pinches your nipple between his thumb and forefinger, and he starts to roll it between them. Moaning softly against his neck, the hand above his head grips lightly at his hair as

your back arches, pressing you further against him.

“You tellin’ me I don’t get a present before breakfast?” His voice is low and teasing as he continues his kisses against your neck, his teeth grazing over your skin.

Licking your lips, you release a sound that resembles a whine as his other hand glides down your stomach and his fingers slip into the waistband of your panties.

“You’ve got the best present you could ever ask for, Hopper...” you breathe, a smile pulling at your parted lips.

He rumbles out a laugh into the crook of your neck before his hands are back at your waist and he’s rolling you both over. Opening your eyes, you gaze up at him, a smile on his own lips.

“Now, that I do,” he murmurs, a hand skimming down your side and back up as he leans on his forearm above you. Cupping your cheek, his thumb gently strokes across your skin. “The best present I never thought I’d get...” Your features soften as the pad of his thumb runs over your lips. “... Cookies for breakfast.”

Tutting and smacking his arm even as you can’t stop a grin from forming, you narrow your eyes at him. “Right, that’s it, get off me, your birthday’s cancelled.”

Shoving him away as he laughs, you’re about to slide off the bed when his arm catches you around the waist and pulls you back down. You land on your back with a soft ‘oof’ as he chuckles, propped up on his elbow next to you.

“Where do you think you’re goin’?”

“To throw some cookies in the trash.”

“At least lemme get my present first, hm?”

“Well, they’re all out there next to the cookies so...” You trail off with a soft rush of breath as his hand slides back down your stomach and he starts to shift down, his hands parting your legs.

“God damn, baby...”

You gasp softly as your head tips back and your eyes fall shut.

“... Happy Birthday, Hopper...”

7. Baking Together - M

Notes for the Chapter:

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“Baby?”

“I’m in the kitchen!”

Closing the front door to your home, Jim Hopper heads down the hallway and steps into the kitchen... To find you with flour streaked across your face, covering some patches of your hair, and cocoa powder down your nose.

Raising his eyebrows, he moves towards you, a corner of his mouth lifting as you blow a few strands of hair out of your eyes.

“Hi, sweetheart.” Pressing a kiss to the top of your head, he places his hand on your lower back, rubbing gently. “So, what’s happenin’ here, huh?”

“Baking, or an attempt at it,” you answer, leaning your head against his chest as you pull a face. Straightening up after a moment, you wrinkle your nose and raise your hands, scanning the various trays. “No, I know what I’m doing, this is fine.”

“What are we makin’?” he asks, leaning against the counter as he continues to caress your back.

“We’? Oh, no, no.” You arch an eyebrow up at him, your lips twitching. “You can sit over there, mister, I’m not having you eating

all the ingredients like last time.”

A smirk pulls at his lips as he lowers his head to kiss your cheek. “C’mon, baby, I’m a great helper. I can test everything.”

Snorting, you push your hip against his, nudging him away. “Get outta here. Sit. Over there, please.”

“All right, all right...” Chuckling, Hopper moves away from you, rounding the counter and taking a seat on one of the stools. Removing his hat, he then places his forearms on top of the counter, leaning forward with his hands clasped together. “So, what are *you* makin’?”

“Uhh, chocolate chip muffins, chocolate chip cookies, shortbread, later, I think, and *maybe* a Victoria sponge?”

“Wow. There a cake sale happenin’ that I don’t know about? Or an apocalypse?”

Side-eyeing him as you move to get yet another bowl, you run your tongue over your teeth to hide your smile. “*No*, I’ve just wanted to try a few recipes out for a while and, you know, I’m free today so I thought, ‘why not?’ and here we are.”

“Yeah, here we are.” Running his hand over his mouth and down his beard, he smiles as his gaze travels your features, taking in the state of you again. “Sure I can’t help you out, sweetheart?”

“Yep, I just need to add some more chocolate chips into the mixes, section them all out, then put them in the oven. Then I’m done. I hope. For now.”

“Then I can taste them?”

“Then you can taste them, Hopper.”

Opening a new bag and pouring chocolate chips into the bowl, you start to grab handfuls and sprinkle them into the different mixes for the muffins and the cookies. Glancing from you to the bowl, Hopper slides out of his seat and gets himself a glass on the way to the sink, pouring water into it. Taking a sip, he turns and eyes you over the

rim. Placing the glass down, he moves closer.

Narrowing your eyes slightly, you glance between the mixes, trying to judge if you've added enough to make it all equal, or close enough. Then, you feel Hopper's chest press against your back and his hands settle on your hips.

"Those chips goin' free?" he murmurs against your ear, his chin resting on your shoulder.

Leaning back against him as the corners of your mouth lift, you pull the bowl closer. "No. I think the cookie mix might need some more."

"All right." Moving his arm around you, he picks up a few chips and sprinkles them in. "That enough?"

"Little bit more."

"... That enough?"

"A few more."

"... That enough?"

"*Hopper.*"

You feel him laugh and he straightens up, grabbing a handful and lifting them to his mouth.

"No, Hopper, stop, *stop it...*" Turning, you fumble for a moment as you try to stop him, before placing your hands on your hips as he drops the chips into his mouth, smirking smugly.

"C'mon, you won't miss a few."

"I *might*. It's on you if some of them have only three chips in them."

Placing a hand on the counter behind you, half boxing you in, his tongue runs along his lower lip as he reaches behind you with his other hand and grabs a few more chips. "How can you *not* eat them while you're makin' stuff."

You press your lips together, not wanting to admit that you *had* been trying so hard not to dip into your supply.

“Nah, c’mon, open up.” Hopper holds his hand in front of your mouth.

“Hopper,” you murmur through gritted teeth, not wanting to open your mouth even as you try not to smile.

“C’mon, you know you want to.” He places his fingers against your lips as he arches an eyebrow.

Huffing out a breath, you hesitate for the smallest of moments before you part your lips. His smirk widening, he places the chips onto your tongue before dropping his hand down onto the counter. Closing your mouth, you chew and swallow, releasing a quiet sound at the taste.

“... Okay, I have wanted to do that for the last half an hour.”

Chuckling, he grabs a few more chips, raising them to his mouth. “Y’know, I think there’s enough in those bowls,” he says after swallowing. “I reckon we can just have the rest.”

“Fantastic idea.”

He chuckles again as he reaches for some more, and you automatically open your mouth. Arching an eyebrow at you, he pauses for a moment, before lifting his hand. Gently placing them on your tongue, his forefinger pulls your lower lip down a little as he moves his hand away. Closing your mouth, you chew as you gaze at him, before swallowing and parting your lips again.

His eyes darken slightly as he retrieves a couple more. Lifting his hand again, he moves it to your lips, your mouth opening a little wider, before he pulls his hand back. Raising your eyebrows, your eyes widening slightly, your mouth drops open wider as you release the faintest sound from your throat.

A muscle in Hopper’s jaw twitches as he places the chips into your mouth, which you quickly close, wrapping your lips around his forefinger and sucking lightly. His gaze dropping to watch, he exhales a slow breath, leaning closer to you as he shifts his hand on the

counter.

Swallowing, you stroke your tongue against the pad of his finger before you release it. Letting out a low, rough sound, he drops his hand to the counter, fully caging you in.

“How long do they need to be in the oven?” His voice is low and gravelly as he gazes at you, his tongue running across the top of his teeth.

Your breathing hitching, you murmur, “About half an hour.”

A slow smirk pulls at the corners of his mouth.

“Well, baby... Let’s see how many times I can make you come.”

8. Dating Because Of A Bet - T

Notes for the Chapter:

Valentine's Drabbles Masterlist : <https://flamehairedwritings.tumblr.com/post/170390323780/welcome-to-my-14-days-of-valentines-drabbles>

Clearing your throat, you raise the glass to your lips, fumbling for a few moments with the straw with your tongue before you finally catch it. Wrapping your lips around it and taking a long sip, you look anywhere but at the man opposite you.

Jim Hopper, on the other hand, cannot stop staring at you, a thoroughly smug smirk spread across his lips.

Swallowing as you place the glass down, your tongue darting out over your lips, you then purse them, your hands dropping into your lap.

"You gonna talk to me?"

"Oh, I think we're good just enjoying a comfortable silence."

You hear him chuckle as he leans back in his chair. "This was your idea, sweetheart."

"It was NOT my idea to make it about a date, I said you just had to take my paperwork for a week."

"Yeah, but you still accepted."

Your mouth opens, then closes after a moment.

"Yeah, well, I didn't think you'd actually win," you mutter, folding

your arms across your chest.

"Well, I'm very good with my hands."

Your gaze flicks over to him as you bite at the inside of your cheek, just managing to stop a smile. "Are you flirting with me, Hopper?"

"That is what you do on a date, isn't it?" His smirk continues to linger as he taps his fingers against the table. "I know it's been a while since you've been on one but..."

He trails off with a chuckle when you push your foot against his leg, narrowing your eyes as you raise your chin.

"I *have* been on dates recently, actually, thank you very much."

"With who?"

"You don't know them, Hopper."

"I know everyone in Hawkins, sweetheart. It's kind of my job."

"Yeah, well, you don't know these guys."

"What's their names?"

"N- It- You don't know them, okay." Pressing your lips together, you run your tongue over your teeth and try to focus on watching the people at the bar.

You can feel him still looking at you. Sliding your gaze back over to him, you raise your eyebrows.

"... What?"

"You look really nice."

Blinking, heat rises on your cheeks. "Oh. Well. Thank you."

Clearing your throat, you lift your glass again, taking another long sip.

"So," you begin, placing the glass down as you clear your throat once

more, "I was thinking about the Holland case and-"

"No."

"... What?"

"No. We're not talkin' about work tonight." Leaning forward a little, clasping his hands together on the table, one corner of his mouth lifts slightly higher than the other. "We're gonna talk about ourselves, our hobbies, and all the other shit you talk about on a date until one of us gets bored and we have an awkward goodbye, all right?"

Your lips twitch as they lift, your gaze darting over him. "Okay."

"Okay." His smile widens a little more. "So, where'd you grow up?"

You begin to talk.

... In fact, you don't stop talking, and he lets you. He interjects when you pause every so often to ask a question, but other than that he listens. You don't stop talking even as you both make your way outside to his Blazer. You don't stop talking as he drives. You don't stop talking when he pulls up outside your house. You don't stop talking when he walks with you up the path.

It's only when you reach the front door that you trail off, turning to him with a rather sheepish expression.

"... Aaand you should've shut me up about an hour ago."

"Nah," he murmurs, leaning his shoulder against the wall as he smiles. "I like listening to you."

Your cheeks flush again. Grazing your teeth over your lower lip, you're surprised to find you're not nervous when you hold his gaze.

"So..."

"So."

His gaze lingers on you. It's only when you remember how some dates, nice dates, dates like this, dates with men that you like, usually

end that the nerves start to creep in.

"... So, maybe tomorrow we could go over the Holland files and—"

"Jesus Christ, sweetheart..."

Straightening up, he cups your cheek, lowers his head and captures your lips in a surprisingly gentle kiss. A thrill runs through you as you find yourself leaning into the kiss, your hand settling on his chest.

When he pulls away a few moments later, his hand sliding down to the side of your neck, you exhale a soft breath, opening your eyes to stare up at him.

"... Suddenly I don't mind losing."

9. Roses and Flowers - T

Notes for the Chapter:

Valentine's Drabbles Masterlist : <https://flamehairedwritings.tumblr.com/post/170390323780/welcome-to-my-14-days-of-valentines-drabbles>

“Hello?”

“Shhh, shhh... Hey, hello, Chief of policeman, sir, please can you come and pick me up?”

His lips twitch as he leans against the wall, sliding his free hand into his pocket.

“You want me to come and pick you up now, ma'am?”

“Yes, sir. I require a police escort.”

A burst of badly muffled giggles erupt from the other end of the line, and Jim Hopper can't stop a wide smile from spreading across his lips.

“I'll be right there, ma'am.”

“Mmkay, I'm just gabbing my goat, *GRABBING* my coat, thank you, police sir.”

Christ, this is going to be interesting.

“... you know how cute he was? I mean he’s adorable now but, oh my God, as a baby he was just, he was, like, y’know, just...” Your fists clench slightly as you try to find the right words. “... y’know? Joyce showed me three albums and I just wanted to *die*, y’know, he was so cute.”

“So... Will was a cute baby?”

“*Oh my God, so cute.*”

Hopper leans his elbow against the window as he gazes at the road, rubbing his fingers over his mouth to hide a smile.

“So, what else did you get up to?”

It was only meant to be, as people since the dawn of civilisation had said, a *’quiet night in’*.

Judging from the phone call and the state he’d arrived to find you and Joyce Byers in, it had been anything but.

He had heard you both laughing before he’d even reached the front door. Jonathan had opened it to him, shaking his head even as he smiled. Hopper had then entered the living room and found you and Joyce sitting on the floor around the coffee table, eyeshadow up to your eyebrows, hers blue, yours green, thick black eyeliner on your upper lids, far too much blusher on your cheeks and bright pink lipstick painted across both your lips... And several red roses in your hands.

“Oh, one of the albums had pictures of Joyce in high school and we thought we’d, we thought it’d be so funny if we did the make-up we did in high school, ‘cause, God, it’s so terrible.”

“I think you did all right,” he answers as he continues to control his amusement. “It was a real blast from the past walkin’ in there and seein’ Joyce like that.”

“Really? I did a good job, didn’t I. Oh, hey, there were pictures of you in there.” Your head rolls to the side and you grin at him. “You were cuuute.”

“Were’?” He glances over at you, raising his eyebrows. “I’m sorry, *were’?*”

You laugh and shift your head, leaning it back against the window, your legs splayed out in front of you.

“Yeah, you *were* cute, but *now*...” You bite your lower lip and stretch a leg out, nudging your foot against his elbow. “... Now, you’re just God damn hot and handsome and gorgeous and beautiful and-”

“All right, all right, you old charmer, get that leg down...” he grumbles, gently pushing your foot away even as one corner of his mouth lifts high.

You laugh again and roll your head to look back out the window.

“Mmm, you are, Hopper. Jus’ the best.”

His smile softens. Reaching a hand over, he settles it on your thigh, squeezing gently as he keeps his eyes on the road.

A few moments later, he feels your leg rise in what he knows you think is a subtle movement but is so far from it, causing his hand to slide down an inch or two.

“Hey, stop that.”

“Damn it,” you mutter, dropping your leg down.

Chuckling, he squeezes your thigh again before returning his hand to the wheel. A few minutes later, he pulls up in front of the cabin. Exiting the Blazer, he moves around to the passenger side and gently taps the window to get you to open your eyes and lift your head. Opening the door once you do, he unbuckles your seatbelt and raises an eyebrow as you shuffle to the edge of the seat, your hands, one still clutching the roses, sliding over his shoulders.

“... It’s a long way down, Hopper, you’ve seen me struggle way too many times with this thing, it’s jus’ mean.”

Shaking his head, he gently grips your waist and helps you down. As he does so, you just can’t help yourself. Tilting your chin up, you

manage to press a short, firm kiss to his lips before he settles you on the ground, causing him to arch an eyebrow.

“Oh, wow, what happened there...” you murmur innocently, leaning your body against his.

“Yeah, what a mystery.”

Unable to stop a smile, he slides an arm around your waist and walks with you up the steps to the front door. You drag your feet slightly, leaning against him as you hum, your eyes closing. Keeping his arm around you, he fishes his keys out of his pocket and unlocks the door, guiding you inside. Closing the door with his boot, he releases you to lock it.

Stretching your arms above your head with a yawn, arching your back, you then drop them and swing them a little as you head to the kitchen area, tutting under your breath as you trip on the edge of the carpet on the way. Dropping the roses onto the counter and pulling a loaf of bread down from a cupboard, you unwrap it and bite into a slice, humming in satisfaction as you take another bite before you even swallow.

“What are you doin’?”

Lifting your head, you pause your chewing as you gaze at Jim, watching him remove his coat and drape it over the back of the couch.

“I’m hungry,” you mumble through your mouthful, quickly shoving the rest of the slice into your mouth.

“Well, don’t eat it like that, I’ll make you a sandwich-”

“No, s’fine, just really wan’ bread...” Quickly grabbing two more slices, you place them both in your mouth to hold them as you wrap the bread back up.

Keeping them in your mouth, you grab the roses and pad over to the bedroom. Hopper follows after you a few moments later, an eyebrow arched. Entering the bedroom, he finds your shoes on the floor, the roses on the bedside table and you standing on the bed. You bounce

up and down slightly as you eat the bread, seemingly lost in your thoughts.

Right, food, done, in bedroom, done, now just crap off face, into pyjamas and into bed. Easy.

Crossing the room to your dressing table, he opens the drawer... And pauses.

Shit.

Staring at the various bottles, packets and tubs, he suddenly can't remember a damn thing you do for your night routine. What did you use? You just disappeared into the bathroom and then reappeared-

Bathroom.

Closing the drawer, he turns and starts to head to the door.

"Woah, where you goin'?"

Pausing half-way through the door, he turns to you, watching you chew the last bit of bread.

"I'm jus-"

"No."

"What?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Come here."

"Baby, I-"

"Come here."

"Can I just-"

"No, come here."

Exhaling a breath, Hopper closes the distance between you, standing at the edge of the bed and gazing up at you. Smiling widely, you drape your arms around his neck and lean into him. His features soften as you do so, his hands lifting and settling on the back of your thighs.

“What do you want, baby?”

“Nothin’,” you murmur, pressing several lazy kisses to his forehead. “You.”

“Mmh, well, you’re gettin’ pink stuff all on me, so-”

“No, shhh, just stay a minute.” Resting your cheek on top of his head, he exhales another breath, giving in.

Caressing the backs of your thighs gently, he’s quiet for a few moments before he glances at the bedside table.

“What’s with the roses, sweetheart?”

“Mmh?” Lifting your head, you follow his gaze. “Oh, Joyce had ‘em in her garden and they made me think of you, ‘cause you’re my boyfriend and guys should get flowers, too, I don’t care wha’ society says, and I thought maybe I could plant some at the front of the cabin and make it look really nice with roses and flowers and stuff.”

Raising his eyebrows as you meet his gaze, one corner of his mouth lifts. “That sounds great, could be a nice weekend thing.”

Clearing your throat, you shrug a shoulder as you look at him. “Well, y’know, I was thinkin’ more of a, y’know, lifetime thing.”

Hopper stills. “... What?”

“I was- I was thinkin’ I could plant things forever. Y’know. Here.”

His gaze flicks between your eyes, his finger tips pressing into you a little. “... Are you sayin’ you want to move in?”

You nod several times as you talk in a rush. “Yeah, I mean, I know I’m not exactly in, like, the best state right now, I’m not peak me, but

I've thought about it a *lot*, and I want nothin' more than to live with you and Jane, Chief, it would make me very, very happy 'cause I love you, Hopper, an' I love her a-

Wrapping his arms around your waist, he silences you with a fierce kiss. Mumbling the rest of the word against his lips, you then hum as you tighten your arms around him, melting into him.

Pulling back after several moments, you open your eyes to find a wide smile spread across his lips.

"I'd love that, too, sweetheart."

Beaming, you run your finger tips through his hair and tilt your head to the side.

"Really?"

"Yeah," he murmurs, his smile lingering as his hands caress at your lower back.

Catching your lower lip between your teeth, you nod a few more times, trying, and failing, to stop your smile from widening.

"kay."

"Okay." He slides his hands down to your hips as he gazes at you, both of you now grinning. "... Now let's get this crap off our faces."

10. Set Up By Friends - T

Notes for the Chapter:

Valentine's Drabbles Masterlist : <https://flamehairedwritings.tumblr.com/post/170390323780/welcome-to-my-14-days-of-valentines-drabbles>

“So, what are you gonna wear?”

”I don’t know, probably a dress.”

“*What?* You don’t know what you’re going to *wear*? You’ve had a week to think about this!”

“I’ve spent a week trying *not* to think about this.”

“Oh, come on, honey, it’s going to be fun!”

“It’s going to be *awkward*, Flo, painfully *awkward*. I’m terrible at this.”

“No, you’re not, you’re lovely and charming. You’re just... Out of practice, is all.”

“‘Out of practice’? Flo, I’ve not been on a date since *high school*.”

“Yes, well, we should all go out of our comfort zone from time to time, and it’s going to be a lovely evening, you’re both very nice people.”

“Mmff.”

“Don’t grunt at me, young lady. Now, go and get ready, you’ve only got a couple of hours.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Staring at your menu, you read the ‘Pasta’ section for the third time. Hearing his chair squeak as he shifts slightly, your gaze flicks up to look at him over the top of the menu.

Chief Jim Hopper is polite, handsome, *definitely* your type, but are you his? Is he bored? Why did he agree to this? Should you say something? Should you comment on the menu? Should you pretend to go to the bathroom and make a break for it through the kitchen?

He saves you from having to make any potentially embarrassing decisions by placing his menu down and clearing his throat.

“So, Flo says you two met at a crochet class.”

Oh, God... He probably thinks I’m such a God damn bore, no, no, there’s nothing wrong with crochet, do not shame yourself, it’s fun, you enjoy it, and you’ve made great friends, except Flo, Flo is not a great friend, no great friend would make you do this...

Before you can open your mouth to say something, you don’t even know what, a waitress appears at the table.

“Hello, how are we doing this evening?” she beams, gazing between you and the chief.

I want the ground to swallow me up.

“Fine, thank you,” you murmur as Jim, his voice naturally louder, answers with a short, “Good.”

“Wonderful, are you ready to order? I can take your drinks order if you need a little more time?”

“Nah, I think we’re ready, right?” Jim glances at you.

“Ahhh, yeah, yeah, I’m ready.” You are not ready.

“All right, I’ll have a beer and the steak, please.”

“Wonderful, and for you, ma’am?”

“Uhm, I’ll just have the house red wine and the risotto, please.”

“Fantastic, thank you. I’ll have your drinks out in a minute.” The waitress takes the menus from you, still beaming, before she turns and walks away.

Dragging your teeth over your lower lip, your hands fall into your lap as you stare at the centre of the table.

“So, Flo says you met at her class?”

Oh my God, just let it go...

“Yeah.” Your gaze lifts to meet his as you place your hand on your other arm, rubbing it slightly. “She kinda took me under her wing, she could probably tell I was a little nervous.”

“Like you are now?”

Your eyes widen a fraction as you freeze. Then, he smiles.

“Relax, sweetheart. I’m pretty nervous, too.”

“I’m not, I don’t mean to- Wait, *you’re* nervous?” Your eyes widen a little more.

“Of course I’m nervous.” Sitting back in his chair, he raises his eyebrows, clearing his throat. “Flo sets me up on a date with someone I know nothin’ about, tells me she’s a pretty lady, which actually turns out to be true, and that she’ll hurt me if I mess it up. So, yeah.”

Your lips twitch as you tuck your hair behind your ear, a flush spreading across your cheeks. “Yeah, that sounds like Flo.”

“She said you’re smart, too, but you haven’t said much yet, so...” One

corner of his mouth lifts higher than the other as he matches your smile, gently teasing.

You exhale a laugh, and you feel a slight weight lift from your chest. "I'm sorry, I've not done this for a very long time."

"Neither have I. Aren't we a pair."

You're both silent for a few moments as you smile at each other, and, you're relieved to find, it's comfortable.

Jim's gaze then leaves yours and scans the area before returning to you as he leans forward.

"Why don't we get out of here, huh?" he murmurs, his lips lifting higher. "There's that great little diner round the corner..."

"That sounds so great," you answer, matching his quiet, secretive tone as you smile widely.

Scanning the area again, he slowly shifts his chair back and you do the same.

"All right, let's make a break for it, sweetheart. If you fall behind, I'm leavin' you."

"If you fall behind, I'm leaving *you*."

"Well, I don't want that, now."

11. Unrequited Love - T

Notes for the Chapter:

Valentine's Drabbles Materlist : <https://flamehairedwritings.tumblr.com/post/170390323780/welcome-to-my-14-days-of-valentines-drabbles>

You tap your fingertips against your glass as you exhale a breath, your gaze drifting between the various conversations that are going on at the table, making sure everyone is engrossed in them.

Once you're absolutely sure they are, after checking again, you sit back in your chair and turn to Flo beside you, clearing your throat to draw her attention from her magazine.

"I think I'm gonna tell him tonight," you murmur so only she can hear, a small smile lifting the corners of your mouth. "I'm gonna tell him how I feel."

"Oh..." Gazing at you, Flo pauses. "Are you sure, honey?"

"Yeah..." Your smile falters slightly at her expression. "Why?"

"Well, dear... I just..." Closing her magazine, she places it on her lap, evidently trying to choose her words carefully as she matches your quiet tone. "... I don't think Hop's really in the right place right now for a serious relationship."

Swallowing lightly, your smile vanishing, you internally give yourself the same pep-talk you'd been giving yourself all week to inspire the confidence you're losing. "Well... Maybe, maybe not, but I have to say it." Your gaze returns to hers, silently seeking reassurance from her that you're going to do the right thing. "I have to tell him at least,

and whatever happens from there, happens.”

Flo gives you a small smile as she reaches over and places her hand on yours, squeezing gently. “You do whatever you feel is right, honey. I think it’s very brave of you.”

You exhale a light, slightly relieved breath, the smile returning to your lips. “Thank you, Flo.”

Squeezing her hand for a moment, you then excuse yourself to get another drink.

“That’s it, honey, Dutch courage.”

You laugh at Flo’s words, and instantly feel yourself relax as you head to the corner of the bar where there’s the least amount of people waiting to be served. You’d worked yourself up over nothing; you aren’t going to *propose* to him, for God’s sake, you’re just going to tell him you like him and that you’d like to go out to dinner sometime this week.

It can just be one dinner, if that’s all he wants, and that’ll be fine... Yes, okay, it might take you a while to move on from your feelings for him, they *might* be a little stronger than you’ve let on to Flo, but that’s fine. You can do that. You’ll be okay. You just have to do *something*.

Reaching the bar, you lean your forearms against it and smile as the bartender takes your order a few seconds later.

Perfect timing.

As she turns away to retrieve a glass and pour your drink out, you hear a high giggle close by and turn your head to the side out of faint curiosity.

Your heart stops.

Down the short corridor to the back door of the bar, you see Hopper. You see Hopper with a woman, her back against the wall, his hand by her head, the other on her waist. You see them smiling at each other. You see her hands slide their way up his chest to his shoulders. You

see his smile widen at something she whispers. You see his head lower to kiss her. You see his gaze lift as the bartender drops your drink, the glass and your heart shattering.

You look away the moment Hopper's eyes meet yours.

"Oh, miss, I'm so sorry, I'll make you-"

"No, it's fine, thank you, sorry..." You barely meet her gaze as you shake your head a few times.

You glance up at Hopper once more, and see the woman pull him closer, her lips finding his.

What you don't see is Hopper's gaze follow you as you turn away. What you don't see is the anguish in his eyes. What you don't see is him drawing his head back from the woman.

What you don't know is that your love is not unrequited.

12. Late For A Date - E

Notes for the Chapter:

Valentine's Drabbles Masterlist : <https://flamehairedwritings.tumblr.com/post/170390323780/welcome-to-my-14-days-of-valentines-drabbles>

Two more minutes. Just two more.

Two more on top of the twenty I've already waited.

Dropping your hand from where it had been propping your chin up, you take the last bread roll from the basket and tear it in half before popping a piece into your mouth.

Chewing, you exhale a long, slow breath, your forearms resting on the table.

“Ma’am?” The waiter smiles sympathetically when you look up. “Would you like another bread basket?”

“Oh, yes, please, that would be wonderful.” Sitting back, you smile lightly at him as he takes the empty basket and disappears to retrieve another one.

Your eyes follow him, and you see him murmur to another waiter, both of them now glancing at you sympathetically.

Dropping your gaze, you press your lips together, and are reminded once more of just how late your date is by the watch on your wrist.

... One more minute.

Jim Hopper shoves the front door open three minutes later, and finds the restaurant nearly empty. His cheeks red from exertion, his eyes dart about, trying to find you. He instead meets the gaze of the waiters and waitresses, who all give him a knowing look.

One of them, the one who had offered you the bread basket, inclines his head at your table, partially hidden behind a column.

“... Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit...” he mutters, the string of curses leaving him for the second time in the last ten minutes, and strides over.

Rounding the column, his gaze falls upon you sat at a small, curved booth, nudging your fork from side to side with a finger tip.

“Baby, I’m so sorry.”

“It’s fine, Hopper, honestly,” you answer after a moment in a neutral tone, looking up at him, and he can’t gauge how you’re feeling... Though he takes a pretty good guess.

“No, sweetheart, I-”

“Did you get a lead on the case?”

He breaks off as you speak, your hands dropping into your lap as you sit back.

“Yeah.”

You nod a few times and inhale a breath as you manage to smile. “That’s good.”

You don’t want to be *that* girlfriend, hell, you don’t want to be that *person*. His work is important, and the current case has left him frustrated for the last few weeks so of course he’s going to get excited about a lead and lose track of time.

Clearing your throat, you lift your menu and read it for probably the twentieth time.

“So, I’ve had about two bread baskets but I’m sure they’ll let us have another one, and I think I’m going to have the chicken.”

He presses his lips together as he watches you, a fresh wave of guilt washing over him. Removing his jacket, he takes a seat, his knee touching yours due to the smallness of the booth. Running a hand down his mouth and beard, his gaze travels over the menu.

The waiter appears a second later and smiles warmly at you. “Ready to order, ma’am?”

You get the feeling you’ve suddenly got a new friend. “Yes, thank you, can I have the lemonade and elderflower, and the chicken special, please. Oh, and can we get another bread basket, too?”

“Of course, ma’am. And for you, sir?” His smile is a little less warm as he asks Hopper.

“Beer and the steak, please.”

“Of course. Thank you. I’ll have your drinks with you in a few minutes.” He takes your menus from you and gives you another wide smile.

As he walks away, you shift in your seat slightly and adjust your fork, biting at the corner of your lip. You can feel Hopper’s eyes on you, and part of you is hoping he’ll just leave it for now and you can try and salvage the night.

“I really am so sorry,” he murmurs a few moments later, and when you lift your gaze to meet his you can see that he really is. You *know* he is anyway, of course he is.

“I know, Hopper, it’s fine, honestly,” you answer with a soft smile, guilt now starting to blossom within you at how bad he feels. “I know how important this case is and how long you’ve been searching for a lead.”

“Sweetheart, you’re important, too.” His hand settles on your knee and his finger tips caress your bare skin gently as he holds your gaze. “You’re so much more important. I know I haven’t been givin’ you the full attention you deserve for the past couple of weeks, and

I'm so sorry about that..."

The corners of your mouth lift a little more as you place your hand on the side of his neck, your thumb stroking lightly.

Then, your breathing hitches at the familiar look in his darkening eyes.

"... And I plan on rectifyin' that as soon as possible."

Before you can say a word, your lips parting, his hand slides up your inner thigh, under your dress. His fingers caress over the front of your panties, making you suck in a sharp breath.

"Hopper..." you murmur, a slight edge of warning to your tone as you place your hand on the table, though you can't suppress the wave of desire that spreads through you.

"Yeah, baby?" His expression is as neutral as your tone was earlier, though lust burns clearly in his eyes.

"Hopper, someone could see..." you breathe, your gaze lifting to try and see if you can see the waiters from where you are.

There are no other people around you, and the booth stops just above your head, giving you privacy and leaving you exposed only on one side, while the tablecloth falls low, hiding his hand.

"No, they won't..." His middle finger strokes slowly up and down your covered slit, drawing a rush of breath from you. "... Do you think you can be quiet, though, sweetheart?"

Flicking your gaze up to meet his, your lips twitching at the amused challenge that lingers behind the lust, you spread your legs wider. His lips lift higher.

"Good girl..."

The low words of praise have you biting at your lower lip, your chest rising and falling a little faster. His hand moves higher and slips into your panties. Closing your eyes, you suppress the soft moan that rises in your throat as his fingers tease at your pussy lips, gathering and

spreading your increasing wetness.

Your hands grip at the edge of the seat as two finger tips rub side to side across your clit at a steady pace, making your hips buck.

“Oh, fuck...” you breathe, your gaze lifting to lock with his as your lips part.

“Mmh, so wet already, sweetheart,” he murmurs, his fingers quickening slightly. “... Always get so wet for me so quickly, huh, sweetheart... Always so fuckin’ ready and eager for me...”

A low whine escapes you as your hips rise, silently asking more from him.

“Shhh, baby, be a good girl and be quiet for me...”

Then, he slides two fingers into your wet hole, right to the knuckle. Your mouth drops open and your elbow knocks the edge of the table slightly as you rest it on it, your hand covering your mouth to muffle your moan.

“Oh, baby, you gotta do better than that...” His deep voice rumbles in your ear, sending a shiver down your spine, and he begins to pump his fingers, unmercifully setting a quick pace.

“Fuck, Hopper...” you whisper into your hand, your other hand going to his knee, gripping it tightly as you try to ground yourself against the pleasure that spreads through you.

“So wet and tight, aren’t you, baby... Always so fuckin’ good for me...” He presses a lingering kiss to your cheek before he suddenly sits back.

Opening your eyes and moving your hand from your mouth, the waiter emerges from around the column, carrying a tray with your drinks on it. Smiling at you both, he places the tray down on the table and lifts your glass, placing it before you.

“Thank yo-” Your words are cut off by you swiftly having to bite at your lower lip as Hopper’s thumb starts to rub across your swollen clit in time with his thrusts.

The waiter, thankfully, has already turned to Hopper, lifting his beer and placing it in front of him. Jim smiles and nods at him, as if absolutely nothing was happening under the table, as if you aren't currently trying to fend off the moans that are desperate to escape you, as if your hand isn't gripping his knee so tightly your knuckles are turning white.

Before the waiter can turn away, however, Hopper opens his mouth.

"Hey, what wine do you recommend to go with the steak? I think I'd like a glass with my food."

Hopper doesn't know a thing about wine. Hopper doesn't care about wine. Hopper is just being an absolute bastard.

Flicking your gaze over to him, knowing your cheeks are flushed, knowing he can feel you starting to clench around his fingers as the pleasure begins to build within you, you dig your nails into his knee, and the bastard doesn't even flinch.

As the waiter, seemingly rather quite pleased to show off his knowledge, starts to list wines, including personal favourites, Hopper presses down harder on your clit. Your jaw clenching, you try so hard to stop your hips from rolling, desperate, despite the situation, to claim your release.

Then, Hopper slips a third finger inside you, and you can't stop the strained sound that escapes you. The waiter's eyes dart over to you, and you force a smile.

"Sorry, she's not a fan of wine," Hopper answers the waiter's unspoken question for you, his other hand running over his mouth to hide his smile. "I'll just go with the first one."

"Very good, sir." Taking the tray, the waiter glances at you again before he finally leaves.

Your mouth opens, wanting to hiss an abundance of curses at Hopper, when he leans closer and murmurs into your ear, "You can come for me now, baby, let me feel you."

The way his fingers curl inside you as his rough voice commands you

tips you over the edge. Closing your eyes, your forehead dipping, the cutlery clatter against one another as your hand slams down to grip at the tablecloth. Your mouth drops open in a, *mercifully*, silent cry as you come, your whole body stiffening. He doesn't relent, his eyes fixed on you, driving you through your release. It's only when some part of your brain reminds you to breathe that a sound escapes you, a low moan falling from your lips as your head bows. Tipping your head to one side as your body goes limp, short, ragged breaths leave you as he slows his movements, gentle after-shocks of pleasure rolling through you. Licking your lips, your eyes open after a moment and you look up at him as he pulls his hand away from you and gently pulls your dress back into place.

Then, raising his fingers to his lips, he sucks the slickness from them. Watching him, your grip on his knee still tight, you can't help but groan at the sight.

"Hopper... I think we should get this food to go."

"You read my fuckin' mind, sweetheart."

13. Waking Up Together - M

Notes for the Chapter:

Valentine's Drabbles Masterlist : <https://flamehairedwritings.tumblr.com/post/170390323780/welcome-to-my-14-days-of-valentines-drabbles>

You awake to gentle sunlight warming your face. Inhaling a slow breath, you stretch your legs out and open your eyes. For a few moments you're blinded by the light that streams in through the gaps in the blinds.

Squinting as you release a soft, faintly disgruntled sound, you raise your hand from under the covers and brush it up your face, your fingers running through your hair and pushing it away from your forehead.

Settling your hand on the pillow, you close your eyes, deciding you're not quite willing to face the day just yet. You just allow the warmth of the bed, the softness of the mattress and the quiet to wash over you

A few minutes later, you feel a hand slide over your hip to your waist before an arm wraps around you and pulls you back, and you find yourself settling against a warm body. A slow smile pulls at the corners of your mouth as you place your hand on his forearm, your finger tips caressing gently.

"Good morning," you murmur, and feel lips brush across your shoulder.

"Mornin'," Hopper mumbles against your skin, his thumb stroking back and forth over your stomach.

“How’d you sleep?”

“Good.”

Hopper is a one word man in the morning. His lips, however, continue to move across your skin, travelling from your shoulder and up to your neck. Humming softly, you fall silent as he kisses you, his hand moving to your hip and sliding up and down slowly.

Shifting a few moments later, you turn onto your back and your smile widens as you meet his gaze, your hand lifting to cup his cheek. He smiles lazily at you, his hand slipping under your shirt and resting on your waist. Lowering his head, he captures your lips in a soft, lingering kiss. Curving your hand around to the back of his neck, you both keep the kiss slow, and it’s almost lazily sensual.

Soon his hand is moving again, sliding up, your shirt rising a little with it, and settling under your breast. Humming against his lips, your arms slide around his neck as you turn your body towards him. You feel him smile and he takes the hint, his hand shifting higher and cupping your breast. A gentle moan sounds from the back of your throat as your back curves slightly.

His arm slides under you, holding you against him as the kiss starts to deepen. Parting your lips, his tongue strokes along your lower one, drawing another moan from you that has his finger tips pressing into your skin.

As intoxicating as it’s becoming, you soon have to draw back for breath. Grazing your teeth over your lip, you open your eyes, your smile returning as he gazes down at you.

“Who’s this beautiful woman that keeps wakin’ up in my bed...” he grumbles, his voice still rough from sleep. “... ‘cause whoever you are, you’re so damn friendly.”

You laugh as he bows his head, attacking your neck with quick, open-mouthed kisses as he wraps his arms around you and rolls over, pulling you on top of him.

“Mmh, sorry, there’s just this man that won’t let me leave...” you

murmur, the words breathy as he mouths at your sensitive skin, your eyes closed.

“Well, I don’t blame him, he’s a very lucky man.”

“Yes, he is,” you grin, your fingers tangling into his hair.

“Yeah, he fuckin’ is...” he rumbles, his hands sliding down to your ass and gripping you.

Biting at your lower lip, your hips involuntarily press against his, making him groan lowly and lift his chin, biting gently at your jaw.

“... And I think he’s about to get even luckier.”

14. "I love you." - T

Notes for the Chapter:

Valentine's Drabbles Masterlist : <https://flamehairedwritings.tumblr.com/post/170390323780/welcome-to-my-14-days-of-valentines-drabbles>

Jim Hopper can't remember the last time he had been this happy. Hell, he can't remember the last time he had been happy.

There is a fire before him, a genuinely funny film on TV, a plate with crumbs on it on the table along with a half finished cup of still warm coffee, and you're with him.

He didn't think he deserved this or could ever have it again. He thought he'd had his little bit of happiness in New York, before it had all come crashing down, and he'd eventually made his peace with that. He just lived to do his job and exist until his time came.

Then he'd met you, and here he was. Happy.

Your gentle laugh draws his gaze from the TV screen to the other side of the couch where you sit, your legs stretched out, feet on his lap. He allows himself a moment to indulge, his eyes travelling over you.

Bundled up in the blanket, your elbow is on the arm-rest of the couch, resting your head in your hand. A smile lingers on your lips as you watch the film, widening every few moments as something amusing happens. His hand rests on your leg and his finger tips caress gently; he'd forgotten he was doing it.

A smile pulls at his own lips as he watches you.

“I love you.”

Your gaze darts over to him. Your head lifts from your hand and turns to him as you blink.

“... You love me?” you murmur, holding his gaze and trying to search for any signs of regret.

One side of his mouth rises higher than the other. “Yeah. I love you.”

He’s said it again.

Your lips part as you stare at him, quietly becoming rather overwhelmed.

“I love you, too, Hopper.”

Nodding a few times, he gazes at you and his hand moves across the blanket to yours, holding it.

“All right, then.”

Squeezing your hand, he rubs his other hand over his mouth to try and hide the fact he’s grinning, and returns his gaze to the TV.

You, however, continue to stare at him. Then, you’re kicking the blanket off and moving closer to him. Your head rests on his chest and your arm slides over him as his arm settles around you, holding you tight and close against him. Biting at your lower lip, you smile as you feel tears start to prick at your eyes, and he presses a lingering kiss to the top of your head.

You don’t think you’ve ever been this happy in your life.